MOTHER EARTH

Vol. VI. DECEMBER, 1911 No. 10

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Vol. VI **DECEMBER, 1911** **No. 10**

THE CURSE

THIS is the will of Apollo,
This is the word of Jove,

"Till ye have learned my law,
Learned that the law of life
Is the law of liberty;

Ye shall wander in heat or cold,
Spreading to far, strange climes,
Hewing mid doubt and fear
A home for your hateful selves.

Ye shall wear on your body's mold
Clothes for a curse and a ban.

Ye shall rear in strange mad fits
Temples to gods unknown.

Ye shall writhe in your discontent
And mock at my name in your marts.

Till ye have learned my law,
Learned that the law of life
Is the law of the day to be;

Learned that the dream of me
Through the Centuries' long, long night,
Is the ray that hath kept ye warm
'Neath the creeds that chill and curse."

—JOSEPH LEWIS FRENCH.

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

THE desert of American thought and feeling has never been exposed in all its withered aspects and barren coldness as in the McNamara case.

Not that this cruel monster has not slain its victims before. In 1887 it choked to death five men on the gallows of Chicago. In 1892 it buried alive a real martyr of the people in the hell of the Pennsylvania penitentiary. In 1901 it killed a solitary soul risen from the dim distance of the social conflict, in the electric chair of Auburn prison.

But in all these cases the victims who ventured into the desert of American thought and feeling were Anarchists, dangerous elements to our self-centered interests, pariahs by law and the social ban.

Not so the McNamaras. They aimed not at the reconstruction of society and the overthrow of all its vicious institutions. They themselves would repudiate any connection with the Anarchists, because they believe in law, believe in citizenship, believe in their God.

Why, then, this mad cry against these men? Why this horrible, vicious outbreak against them?

Because America is the desert of thought and feeling. Because it never takes the trouble to know, and lacks the humanity to understand. Because to all motives of human action it continues blind among the blind. Lawmaker and judge, politician and reformer, trade unionist and Socialist, all puddle in the muddy waters of political life, bent on shallow, tinsel success. Never do they look beneath the surface, nor do they want to know that there is anything beneath the surface. The immediate is the thing, and for that they lie and cheat, compromise and barter, all for the shallow, tinsel, immediate success.

When something occurs, tremendous in its sweep, when it digs up the soil, root and all, our puddlers stand aghast, all unanimous in the cry, "We did not know! We have been deceived! To the cross with the criminal!"

O, for the cravenness of ignorance! O, for the hypocrisy of cowardice, ever ready to shake its skirts, ever rushing to condemn, ever willing to convict, ever anxious to do the henchman's job!

But yesterday J. J. and J. B. McNamara were the

heroes of the mass; but yesterday their path was strewn with roses by a thousand eager hands; but yesterday their brows were crowned with laurel and their names hailed with palm leaves. To-day they are dragged in the mud, reviled and degraded, beaten and bruised by the very people who heard them gladly. O, for the cravenness of ignorance, the sham of cowardice!

The McNamaras are not Anarchists, nor would they care for the sympathy of the Anarchists. Nor is it for their sake that the one voice in this wilderness of American life, that of MOTHER EARTH, cries out against the slimy, creepy, cowardly renunciation of these two victims of a bitter, relentless, and inexorable social war.

MOTHER EARTH cries out against the cheap and vulgar excuse: "We were deceived, we thought the men innocent, we did not know." Deceived in what? That there is a war? That there are two forces pitted against each other in a savage combat? Innocent of what? That the McNamaras did not stake their lives in behalf of their class, or that they had any choice between love and hate?

If the excuse of ignorance and deception is really true, then the trade unionists and reformers, the moralists and political Socialists are fools, and utterly unfit to be the teachers and leaders of the people. He who is ignorant of the condition of our present system, thereby becomes responsible for its existence.

But it is not ignorance, nor is it deception, nor yet the question of whether the McNamaras were innocent or guilty, that has dictated the course of the howling mob, in and out of office. It is cowardice—yellow, cringing fear of public opinion, the loss of a job, or the decrease in a few votes—that prompted the dastardly repudiation of the McNamaras. If nothing else, that alone would cleanse those two of all guilt, and throw the entire blame on those who continue blind because they *will* not see.

No, the McNamaras are not Anarchists, nor do they understand Anarchism. But Anarchism understands them. It understands the terrible struggle of the disinherited, the soul of the worker exploited, harrassed, humiliated, whipped into line, until finally driven to strike back with the only weapon his tormentors have left at hand.

Anarchism knows that if guilt there be, it must be hurled, not at the McNamaras, but at all and every apologist of the system of organized crime and violence; at those who keep up the brazen lie that this system can be reformed, or that anything can be changed in its régime by sentimental compromise or political wire pulling.

Knowing and understanding the power which drove the McNamaras, MOTHER EARTH must go on record against the blood-drunk defenders of law, against the howling chorus, in and out of labor ranks, against the "well-meaning" reformers who attempt to harmonize the insatiable beast, Capital, and its prey, Labor; against the contemptible political leeches who have made campaign material out of the McNamaras, and are now loudest in demanding the severest penalty.

Whatever the consequences, MOTHER EARTH would rather take the stand with the McNamaras than with the cowardly pack. It does so because it is neither ignorant nor cowardly, because it faces facts, terrible as they are, because it hopes that out of the realization of it all will emerge the redeemer, Liberty,—from the strife and pain, from blood and tears, the solidarity and harmony of the human race.

EMMA GOLDMAN.

* * *

APROPOS of the legalized wholesale slaughter when it serves the interests of capitalist and governmental robbery, or of religious hatred, the following item in the *Catholic World* is characteristic:

> The Turks, whether old or young, deserve—as their whole history has proved and the recent campaign in Albania has exemplified—complete and immediate expulsion from Europe and the destruction of all dominion over Christian races.

The *Catholic World* is convinced that the murderous persecution of other religions and races is the exclusive monopoly of Christianity.

* * *

LABOR leaders in this country are so busy repudiating the McNamaras and whitewashing themselves that they have neither time nor desire to take an interest in other important labor struggles.

For instance, the Aberdeen free speech fight is surely

of sufficient consequence to arouse the so-called labor representatives. The police of that city have terrorized the workers by breaking up protest meetings, raiding the headquarters of the I. W. W., confiscating the books and treasure of that organization, and railroading men to prison by uniformed thugs.

As usual, the real perpetrators of this wanton suppression of the freedom of speech, press, and assembly are the legalized thieves,—the money power of that section of the country. The excerpt below from a letter that reached our office from Aberdeen illuminates the situation:

> The fight is not between the city officials of Aberdeen and the I. W. W., but is in reality between the Lumber Trust and the Loggers. The lumber bosses in the Aberdeen country have been slashing wages in a frightful manner. This has resulted in a great wave of discontent sweeping over the workers. The I. W. W. attempted to direct this spirit of discontent along effective lines. The bosses objected, hence the fight. The bosses are thorough and have a perfect organization. They are making an attempt to wipe out all forms of labor organization, political, industrial or trade union type. They demand what they call industrial freedom. We call it absolute slavery. If we lose this fight, we may as well close all our halls in the west and forget that we ever tried to make a fight for economic freedom. . . . To win this fight we need publicity, funds, and men. We can supply the men. We feel sure that if you can, you will aid us in gathering funds and giving this struggle publicity. This fight is to be carried on along direct action lines: the bosses are determined that there shall not be even a pretense of law and order. Funds will be needed to feed the men while en route to Aberdeen, and as we will need at least 1,000 men, you can see the necessity for money.

We urge our readers to come to the immediate rescue in this great fight. Contributions are to be sent to Ed Gilbert, 110 South 14th St., Tacoma, Wash.

* * *

THE campaign of persecution against the Home Colony and the *Agitator* still continues. The demurrer asked for in behalf of Jay Fox has been refused by the court, and the farce of a trial will therefore take place. Thereby the authorities hope to kill the *Agitator* and to discourage the men and women of the Colony who have made such a brave fight for freedom. That the authorities may not succeed in this infamous scheme, all liberal-minded people should at once come to the aid of our comrades of the *Agitator,* Lakebay Post Office, Home, Wash.

THE U. S. immigration officials are working hand in hand with the bloodhounds of Madero to help this Diaz II. in his determination to crush the revolution.

Evidently the American government acts the part of a procurer who traps the victims and turns them over to the new tyrant. The administration in Washington hypocritically claims to maintain neutrality, but what it is actually doing is to aid Madero in running down his antagonists. That explains the fact why all along the border line American officials are helping the Mexican thugs to arrest Mexican revolutionists on American soil.

The following is a characteristic instance of American neutrality:

"Mrs. Izabel Fieros, a member of the I. W. W., was taken into custody by a degenerate Mexican named Fernando Villaseñor, turned over to Madero's underlings, and imprisoned in the *cuartel incomunicado*. Villaseñor serves in no official capacity; he is an all around thug and a protegé of the California-Mexico Land and Cattle Company, i. e., "General" Harrison Gray Otis. The arrest of Mrs. Fieros is aggravated by the fact that she is a resident of Calexico, had just risen from a sickbed, and was merely taking a walk across the line when she was brutally pounced upon by the fiend Villaseñor. No charge was placed against her; her only crime is membership in a labor organization. She was later taken to Ensenada with eleven other political prisoners. It may seem incredible, yet it is a fact that but for a humane citizen furnishing her a mule, the trip would have had to be made on foot. The cruelty of Mexican officials is fiendish and abhorrent beyond belief. A woman just risen from a sick bed is marched on foot 200 miles over deserts and wild mountains, escorted by a degenerate and brutal soldiery on horseback!"

It is time Washington would cease its absurd talk of neutrality, so long as it aids and abets the murderous methods of Madero.

* * *

THE women of Los Angeles have helped to defeat the Socialist candidate for Mayor. That was unkind and cruel of them. In the campaign of stupidity and superficiality the Socialist party of Los Angeles has made so many concessions to moral prejudice and puritanic nar-

rowness as to merit the approval of the densest voter. Evidently the women are denser than dense.

However, there is still hope. In a few years there will be a new election. By then the Socialist party will have "advanced" sufficiently to meet the sparrow brain requirements of the lady voters. Then victory will glorify the tattered banner of "revolutionary" Socialism.

* * *

THE power of the will to do has again been demonstrated in the appearance of the *Advance,* a monthly free lance, edited by Ross Winn, at Mount Juliet, Tenn.

So strong is the idealism and the indomitable will of our comrade, though severely ill for a long time, that he has again taken up the fight, where many another would have despaired.

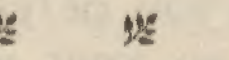
Verily, such enthusiasm and devotion are inspiring in these cold, calculating, and cowardly days. We wish our brave co-worker good speed and urge our friends to show their appreciation and interest by subscribing for the paper.

* * *

SOMEWHAT belated, yet never too late, we send our heartiest greetings to our London comrades on the 25th anniversary of *Freedom.*

In the exposition and development of Anarchistic theories, as well as in the clarification of our methods, *Freedom* has been and still is one of the best organs of Anarchism. It has always been a keen observer of the labor movement, and has constantly aimed to free its ranks from politicians and schemers, and to awaken in the workers the uncompromising revolutionary spirit.

That our comrades of *Freedom* have been able to continue so long regardless of all obstacles, all opposition, all difficulties, regardless even of the incessant material struggle, proves them to be the untiring pioneers of a great ideal, deserving all love and esteem.



ANARCHISM—The philosophy of a new social order based on liberty unrestricted by man-made law; the theory that all forms of government rest on violence, and are therefore wrong and harmful, as well as unnecessary.

THE SOURCE OF VIOLENCE

THE McNamaras have pleaded guilty. The whole country is swept by a whirlwind of denunciation. From capitalist to labor leader, from detective to Victor Berger, the whole pious crew shouts, "We don't believe in violence. Hang them!"

Not so fast, gentlemen. You all avow yourselves believers in law and order, which presumably represents all that is good and fine. With every one of you such staunch upholders of truth and justice, your lives no doubt mirror your lofty principles. Happy is the country of such citizenship; its politics are all that is pure and noble; its courts the acme of justice; its banks the depositories of honesty; its business the expression of probity, and its trusts the triumph of highest social welfare.

With each and every one of you such lovers of peace and good-will to man, war and murder must be unknown in this happy land, and crimes of violence unheard of.

Or is it *that* law you mean which enables you to sip the full goblet of life's wine, distilled from the blood and marrow of those who toil? Is it *that* order you sing the praises of, which fills your coffers with wealth sweated from the miner in the bowels of the earth, pressed from the blood of the man at the furnace? Is it *that* order you cry protection for, which enables your wives and mistresses to strut about in silks and laces, woven by the starved women and children in your sweatshops?

Away with your cursed law and order based on the hourly murder of the workers, on the oppression and robbery of widows and orphans. Away with your damned shams and cant! The McNamara brothers have committed murder and violence because *your* murder and violence have forced them to that extremity. *You* are the guilty ones, you who uphold the "law and order" founded on internecine strife, on tyrrany and exploitation. As long as you defend and continue this murderous system, just so long will the violence of labor be inevitable. Away with the hypocritical horror on the part of capitalist, labor leader and politician. The McNamaras had the courage of their convictions, while the Otises and Burnses, the Gomperses and Bergers have not.

I am sick of all this rottenness and sham. I know that all life under capitalism is violence; that every instant of its existence spells murder and bloodshed. Every one of you who defends the present system knows it. Every one of you is guilty, openly and secretly, of violence and outrage in the protection of *his* interests. Well, then, since you have driven labor to this necessity, it defends *its* interests with the weapons *you* use against it, the weapons you force upon it.

In the duel with capitalism the McNamaras, whether consciously or unconsciously, fought for a principle,—the lofty principle of emancipating labor both from exploitation and the need of violence. Never have the McNamara brothers been as truly the *martyrs of labor* as at this moment, forsaken on the cross, even as Christ. Thousands there are in the midst of the toilers who believe as the McNamaras; but they lack the courage of their convictions. Yet others there are who possess that courage. They will not be cowed by the yelping of curs, be it capitalist, labor leader, or Socialist politician. Nor will they be deceived by the jesuitic lie that violence is wrong in the struggle of labor. It is the gospel to keep the slave in submission. As long as the world is ruled by violence, violence will accomplish results. Unfortunately so, yet nevertheless true. Let history bear me witness. Did Great Britain gain her lordship over the seas by the Christian precept of loving her neighbors? Did the Colonies win their independence by crawling on their knees before the tyrant? Were the black slaves freed by imploring the good Lord to soften the hearts of their masters? Has a single step been made on the road of progress without violence and bloodshed? Has capital ever granted concessions without being forced to it? Has labor won aught but defeat and humiliation in the arena of legality? Away with deceit and cant! As long as you uphold the capitalist system of murder and robbery, just so long will labor resort to violence to wrest better terms. And the sooner we gain the courage to face the situation honestly, the speedier will come the day when the arch-crime of the centuries—Capitalism—the source and breeder of all other crime and violence, will be abolished, and the way cleared for a society based on solidarity of

interests, where brotherhood and humanity will become a reality and violence disappear, because unnecessary.

ALEXANDER BERKMAN.

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YOUNG MAN, BEWARE!

YOUNG MAN! You whom the government is trying to entice into the army and navy, beware! Bethink yourself before taking the step. Consider what you are about to do, and the purpose you are to serve. Ask yourself the meaning of military service and of war. Do you want to prepare for murder? Do you want to be trained for wholesale slaughter and, when ordered, to kill your fellow-men, men like yourself, whom you have never even seen and who never did you any harm? Think of it, and if there is a spark of manhood in your heart, you will be filled with horror and disgust at the very thought of military service.

You may be one of the unemployed, without money or friends. But better a hundred times to suffer need and hunger than to don the uniform that stands for cowardly obedience and the murder of your brothers. Consider that it is this military power which you are asked to join, that is upholding the conditions which are keeping you and thousands of others in starvation and misery. If you put on the uniform, you help to strengthen and perpetuate this power and you become the blind tool of the class that robs and kills under the guise of patriotism. It pays them well. They even instill the little schoolchildren with the spirit of boastful jingoism and murderous hatred because patriotism enlarges profits and increases dividends. Do you want to help them?

It is unworthy of a thinking man to be a blind, obedient tool. But still more unworthy it is to train oneself for the purpose and to subject oneself to humiliation and inhuman treatment in order to learn how to kill and murder.

Young Man! You are a poor man, a child of the poor. It is a terrible and shameful spectacle that in every land the sons of the workingmen constitute the army whose purpose it is to perpetuate the slavery of labor. Can you complain of oppression and exploitation if you lend yourself to uphold the system of economic

robbery, if you take up arms to defend it? As long as there are enough young men who permit themselves to be driven to slaughter like a herd of sheep and who are willing to participate in expeditions of robbery and murder (for that's what war really is), just so long the possessing classes will continue to rob and to murder, to slaughter by the wholesale and decimate whole countries. You the sons of the people, you young workingmen of the land, you alone can put an end to these terrible things and their frightful consequences, by refusing to join the army and navy, by refusing to be used as hangmen, man-hunters and watch-dogs.

Already "great" generals and other well-paid patriots speak of conscription. They want to introduce forced military service in this country, as has been done by the tyrannies of Europe. It is time to show them that the people see through their infamous schemes. Let the young generation remain away from the recruiting offices and refuse to be used as food for cannon.

Other patriots for revenue, rich land grabbers and high finance swindlers, greedily hunger for a favorable moment to let loose the army of the United States against the Mexican working people who are growing tired of starvation and oppression and are beginning to rebel. The plutocrats are ravenous for profits wherever to be gained, at whatever cost of human liberty and life. The great natural wealth of Mexico has long been whetting the tiger appetites of the American monopolists and finance monsters. Now they are ready to grab it, and the American army is to be used to do their dirty work. In their opinion the army and navy exist only for the purpose of enriching them and finding new markets for their shoddy wares and bibles.

You, sons of the people, do you want to give your strength and lives to fill the coffers of the wealthy parasites? Do you want to sacrifice yourselves for their filthy, despotic objects? Will you help them, for a few Judas pennies, to enslave a neighboring people that is heroically striving to free itself from its tyrants and bloodsuckers?

Railroad strikes are taking place in the West. Blood has already been shed, but not enough to satisfy the railroad magnates who are good patriots, of course,

Police clubs and pinkertons are not sufficient defense for the high dividends of the speculators and brokers. They call for the soldiers. With Winchesters they want to make the workingmen realize that it is their sacred duty to suffer hunger and be treated like slaves, in order to enable a handful of parasites to roll in luxury. But these strikers are lawless, it is objected. Is it lawlessness for the toiling masses to want a decent living, to demand the right to organize with their fellow-workers in order to save their families from hunger?

The mission of the soldier is no different from that of the professional cutthroat who kills a man to order, except that the soldier receives less pay for his services, though he must be prepared not only for one murder but for wholesale killing. In bitter irony of his position, he is even commanded to sing the praises of the Lord who is supposed to be love and justice personified, and who is said to have commanded, "Thou shalt not kill."

The military uniform that seems so gay hides nothing but subjection and humiliation for the common soldier, and only a very meagre existence. He gets the mere crumbs when the glory and the profits of the bloody game of war are distributed. For the glory is all for the generals, the diplomats and statesmen, and the dollars are pocketed by the swindling suppliers of provisions, the cannon makers and manufacturers of arms, the ship builders and steel trust magnates. Young man, can you not understand why all these people with their hired slave drivers and paid newspaper writers are so patriotic? They are at all times ready to sacrifice the lives of poor devils for "the honor of the country." It means profit for them, and for that they cheerfully send to slaughter thousands who have been careless enough to fall into the net spread by the gaily decked agents of hell.

Beware of their traps! Too late will be regret when you are already caught. According to statistics about 5 per cent. of the men desert from the United States Army. It is a striking proof that the fine promises of the merry and happy life of military service are nothing but a lie and a snare. Don't be duped, young man. Your true interest lies with the great body of the toilers, in solidaric effort with the producers to possess them-

selves of the land and tools of production for the use and benefit of all.

Down with the slaughter of mankind!
Long live humanity!

THE MEXICAN REVOLUTION

A lecture delivered in Chicago October 29, 1911.

By VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.

THAT a nation of people considering themselves enlightened, informed, alert to the interests of the hour, should be so generally and so profoundly ignorant of a revolution taking place in their backyard, so to speak, as the people of the United States are ignorant of the present revolution in Mexico, can be due only to profoundly and generally acting causes. That people of revolutionary principles and sympathies should be so, is inexcusable.

It is as one of such principles and sympathies that I address you,—as one interested in every move the people make to throw off their chains, no matter where, no matter how,—though naturally my interest is greatest where the move is such as appears to me to be most in consonance with the general course of progress, where the tyranny attacked is what appears to me the most fundamental, where the method followed is to my thinking most direct and unmistakable. And I add that those of you who have such principles and sympathies are in the logic of your own being bound first to inform yourselves concerning so great a matter as the revolt of millions of people—what they are struggling for, what they are struggling against, and how the struggle stands,—from day to day, if possible, if not, from week to week, or month to month, as best you can; and second, to spread this knowledge among others, and endeavor to do what little you can to awaken the consciousness and sympathy of others.

One of the great reasons why the mass of the American people know nothing of the Revolution in Mexico, is, that they have altogether a wrong conception of what "revolution" means. Thus ninety-

nine out of a hundred persons to whom you broach the subject will say, "Why, I thought that ended long ago. That ended last May"; and this week the papers, even the *Daily Socialist,* reports, "A *new* revolution in Mexico." It isn't a new revolution at all; it is the same Revolution, which did not begin with the armed rebellion of last May, which has been going on steadily ever since then, and before then, and is bound to go on for a long time to come, if the other nations keep their hands off and the Mexican people are allowed to work out their own destiny.

What is *a* revolution? and what is *this* revolution?

A revolution means some great and subversive change in the social institutions of a people, whether sexual, religious, political, or economic. The movement of the Reformation was a great religious revolution; a profound alteration in human thought,—a refashioning of the human mind. The general movement towards political change in Europe and America about the close of the eighteenth century, was a revolution. The American and the French revolutions were only prominent individual incidents in it, culminations of the teachings of the *Rights of Man.*

The present unrest of the world in its economic relations, as manifested from day to day in the opposing combinations of men and money, in strikes and bread-riots, in literature and movements of all kinds demanding a readjustment of the whole or of parts of our wealth-owning and wealth-distributing system,—this unrest is the revolution of our time, the *economic revolution,* which is seeking social change, and will go on until it is accomplished. We are in it; at any moment of our lives it may invade our own homes with its stern demand for self-sacrifice and suffering. Its more violent manifestations are in Liverpool and London to-day, in Barcelona and Vienna to-morrow, in New York and Chicago the day after. Humanity is a seething, heaving mass of unease, tumbling like surge over a slipping, sliding, shifting bottom; and there will never be any ease until a rock bottom of economic justice is reached.

The Mexican revolution is one of the prominent manifestations of this world-wide economic revolt.

It possibly holds as important a place in the present disruption and reconstruction of economic institutions as the great revolution of France held in the eighteenth century movement. It did not begin with the odious government of Diaz, nor end with his downfall, any more than the revolution in France began with the coronation of Louis XVI. or ended with his beheading. It began in the bitter and outraged hearts of the peasants, who for generations have suffered under a ready-made system of exploitation, imported and foisted upon them, by which they have been dispossessed of their homes, compelled to become slave-tenants of those who robbed them; and under Diaz, in case of rebellion to be deported to a distant province, a killing climate, and hellish labor. It will end only when that bitterness is assuaged by very great alteration in the land-holding system, or until the people have been absolutely crushed into subjection by a strong military power, whether that power be a native or a foreign one.

Now the political overthrow of last May, which was followed by the substitution of one political manager for another, did not at all touch the economic situation. It promised, of course; politicians always promise. It promised to consider measures for altering conditions; in the meantime, proprietors are assured that the new government intends to respect the rights of landlords and capitalists, and exhorts the workers to be patient and—*frugal!*

Frugal! Yes, that was the exhortation in Madero's paper to men who, when they are able to get work, make twenty-five cents a day. A man owning 5,000,000 acres of land exhorts the disinherited workers of Mexico to be frugal!

The idea that such a condition can be dealt with by the immemorial remedy offered by tyrants to slaves, is like the idea of sweeping out the sea with a broom. And unless that frugality, or in other words starvation, is forced upon the people by more bayonets and more strategy than appear to be at the government's command, the Mexican revolution will go on to the solution of Mexico's land question with a rapidity and directness of purpose not witnessed in any previous upheaval.

For it must be understood that the main revolt is a revolt against the system of land tenure. The industrial revolution of the cities, while it is far from being silent, is not to compare with the agrarian revolt.

Let us understand why. Mexico consists of twenty-seven states, two territories, and a federal district about the capital city. Its population totals about 15,000,000. Of these, 4,000,000 are of unmixed Indian descent, people somewhat similar in character to the Pueblos of our own southwestern states, primitively agricultural for an immemorial period, communistic in many of their social customs, and like all Indians invincible haters of authority. These Indians are scattered throughout the rural districts of Mexico, one particularly well-known and much talked of tribe, the Yaquis, having had its fatherland in the rich northern state of Sonora, a very valuable agricultural country.

The Indian population—especially the Yaquis and the Moquis—have always disputed the usurpations of the invaders' government, from the days of the early conquest until now, and will undoubtedly continue to dispute them as long as there is an Indian left, or until their right to use the soil out of which they sprang *without paying tribute in any shape* is freely recognized.

The communistic customs of these people are very interesting, and very instructive, too; they have gone on practising them all these hundreds of years, in spite of the foreign civilization that was being grafted upon Mexico (grafted in all senses of the word); and it was not until forty years ago (indeed the worst of it not till twenty-five years ago) that the increasing power of the government made it possible to destroy this ancient life of the people.

By them, the woods, the waters, and the lands were held in common. Any one might cut wood from the forest to build his cabin, make use of the rivers to irrigate his field or garden patch (and this is a right whose acknowledgment none but those who know the aridity of the southwest can fully appreciate the imperative necessity for). Tillable lands were alloted by mutual agreement before sowing, and reverted to

the tribe after harvesting, for reallotment. Pasturage, the right to collect fuel, were for all. The habits of mutual aid which always arise among sparsely settled communities are instinctive with them. Neighbor assisted neighbor to build his cabin, to plough his ground, to gather and store his crop.

No legal machinery existed,—no taxgatherer, no justice, no jailer. All that they had to do with the hated foreign civilization was to pay the periodical rent-collector, and to get out of the way of the recruiting officer when he came around. Those two personages they regarded with spite and dread; but as the major portion of their lives was not in immediate contact with them, they could still keep on in their old way of life in the main.

With the development of the Diaz regime, which came into power in 1876 (and when I say the Diaz regime, I do not especially mean the man Diaz, for I think he has been both overcursed and overpraised, but the whole force which has steadily developed centralized power from then on, and the whole policy of "civilizing Mexico" which was the Diaz boast), with its development, I say, this Indian life has been broken up, violated with as ruthless a hand as ever tore up a people by the roots and cast them out as weeds to wither in the sun.

Historians relate with horror the iron deeds of William the Conqueror who, in the eleventh century created the New Forest by laying waste the farms of England, destroying the homes of the people to make room for the deer. But his edicts were mercy compared with the action of the Mexican government toward the Indians. In order to introduce "progressive civilization" the Diaz regime granted away immense concessions of land to native and foreign capitalists—chiefly foreign, indeed, though there were enough of native sharks as well. Mostly these concessions were granted to capitalistic combinations, which were to build railroads (and in some cases did so in a most uncalled for and uneconomic way), "develop" mineral resources, or establish "modern industries."

The government took no note of the ancient tribal

rights or customs, and those who received the concessions proceeded to enforce their property rights. They introduced the unheard-of crime of "trespass." They forbade the cutting of a tree, the breaking of a branch, the gathering of the fallen wood in the forests. They claimed the water courses, forbidding their free use to the people; and it was as if one had forbidden to us the rains of heaven. The unoccupied land was theirs; no hand might drive a plow into the soil without first obtaining permission from a distant master, —a permission granted on the condition that the product be the landlord's, a small, pitifully small, wage, the worker's.

Nor was this enough: in 1894 was passed "The Law of Unappropriated Lands." By that law, not only were the great stretches of *vacant*, in the old time *common*, land appropriated, but the occupied lands themselves *to which the occupants could not show a legal title,* were to be "denounced"; that is, the educated and the powerful, who were able to keep up with the doings of the government, went to the courts and said that there was no legal title to such and such land, and put in a claim for it. And the usual hocus-pocus of legality being complied with (the actual occupant of the land being all the time blissfully unconscious of the law, in the innocence of his barbarism supposing that the working of the ground by his generations of forbears was title all-sufficient), one fine day the sheriff comes upon this hapless dweller on the heath and drives him from his ancient habitat to wander an outcast.

Such are the blessings of education. Mankind invents a written sign to aid its intercommunication, and forthwith all manner of miracles are wrought with the sign. Even such a miracle as that a part of the solid earth passes under the mastery of an impotent sheet of paper; and a distant bit of animated flesh which never even saw the ground, acquires the power to expel hundreds, thousands, of like bits of flesh, though they grew upon that ground as the trees grow, labored it with their hands, and fertilized it with their bones for a thousand years.

(*To be Continued.*)

A MONUMENTAL DEFENCE OF FREE SPEECH

By JAMES F. MORTON, JR.

IN Theodore Schroeder's elaborate work, "Obscene Literature and Constitutional Law," the case against Comstockism is for the first time presented in a thoroughly comprehensive manner, leaving no substantial gap in the argument. The book covers much more ground than might be inferred from the title. Not only the legal aspects of the subject are effectively covered; but the ethical and psychological phases of the problem of "obscenity" receive adequate attention. The book is primarily written for the legal profession. Many of the chapters in it are substantially reprinted from articles already published in various legal periodicals. The author even refuses to sell the book to the laity, for reasons that appear to me wholly insufficient, but which indicate that even Mr. Schroeder feels himself quite uncertain as to the extent or limitation of the actual power for evil of the malignant enemy of free speech, Anthony Comstock. The unwillingness to offer the work for general circulation is distinctly to be regretted, inasmuch as it is a perfect arsenal for the friends of liberty in this important respect. It is, however, the hope of the author to bring its arguments to the attention of lawyers and judges, and to furnish weapons for such attorneys as are confronted with issues directly involving the right of free speech.

Lovers of compromise will not find much to please them in Mr. Schroeder's writings. He is wont to call a spade a spade; and he does not spare frankness in addressing or referring to the highest legal tribunals. While he cherishes a hope that the courts may ultimately be brought to decide in accordance with sound principle, and to protect rather than to crush the guaranteed rights of the individual, he is unsparing in lashing the ignorance and illogicality with which the majority of judges have thus far met the issue. Yet he believes that the judicial mind has its virtues, as well as its faults. The fundamental argument has never, in his view, been presented to any of the higher courts, and but partially and haltingly to the lower ones. The minds of the judges, strongly affected by long established tradition, have

readily yielded to a superficial appeal to popular conceptions of obscenity, and have never been drawn to a close examination of the real problem.

Differing from many radicals, Mr. Schroeder is convinced that the preservation of our liberties is to be more surely attained by reverting to the principles of the Constitution of the United States than by throwing that much-abused document in the ash heep. This stands without relation to the final question of the justifiability of governmentalism in the abstract. Dealing with present facts and with a state of society in which governmentalism is an ever-present fact, supported by an overwhelming preponderance of social sentiment, and likely for a long period of time to resist disintegration, Mr. Schroeder holds that it is safer to rely on and appeal to a written Constitution, with its Bill of Rights, than on the shifting whims of successive legislators or on the easily aroused passions of an excitable mob. The day for absolute liberty being far in the distance, the practical and vital question is to conserve that relative freedom for which the forefathers conceived themselves to have made abundant provision. Correctly interpreted, the Constitutional guarantee of freedom of expression, the right to trial by jury, the juridical principles of due process of law and of certainty in establishing criteria of guilt, furnish complete safeguards against the abuse of process to persecute the unpopular individual or to stifle the opinions of the minority or even of the isolated individual. There are other liberties to be secured, and tremendous contests to be waged before their triumph; but with free speech other liberties may in the long run be deemed certain of attainment. Without free speech, no existing liberty is safe for an instant; and the acquisition of a larger degree of freedom is out of all question. If thought and speech are trammeled, all individual rights rest on a precarious foundation, and are held at the mercy of a despotic autocracy, whether the dangerous power be lodged in the hands of a single emperor, an oligarchic group or a bigoted majority. It matters not whether the despots are corrupt and malignant or merely honest in their fanaticism and bigotry; the evil results are precisely the same; and progress perishes with equal certainty at their hands. Torquemada and Comstock, the

bigoted Inquisitor and the hypocritical persecutor, stand side by side as equal foes to the larger welfare of humanity. The conservative and the radical, the reformer and the revolutionist, no matter how widely they differ in their ultimate aims and concepts, must, in so far as they are respectively sincere in their desire to save the desirable elements in the civilization, which, imperfect as it still is, has been so hardly won, and represents so distinct an advance over the long ago ages of the cave man and his anthropoid progenitor, unite heartily in the determined effort to protect freedom of expression as the only instrument by which the good may be fittingly conserved, the evil adequately exposed, and the better adumbrated and made possible of final attainment.

The argument proceeds through all stages to the irresistible conclusion that the so-called "Comstock" laws, creating out of a sheer psychological figment an imaginary crime termed "obscenity," are not only ethically unjustifiable and practically inefficient for the purpose of sheltering society against corrupting influences, but are in the strictest sense, and in accordance with all recognized tests of valid legislation, unconstitutional and void. That they have remained so long practically unchallenged in legal circles, is due to the blind adhesion to precedents created under a total misapprehension of the real points at issue.

A historical survey of the conditions preceding the adoption of the Federal Constitution, in so far as the question of the freedom of the press is concerned, proves the rooted error in the minds of the judges who have, parrot-like, followed one another in repeating that the founders of the republic had in mind only the abolition of an advance censorship, but nowise desired to hold the writer or publisher exempt from criminal prosecution, if his utterances chanced to displease prevailing prejudices. The successive steps by which a simple initial fallacy has enabled the courts to proceed from point to point, until any man's liberty is dependent, not on his actual conduct, but on the whims of other individuals, are clearly set forth. The present almost unbelievable censorship exercised by the post-office officials, under which medical works of the utmost value have been and are barred from the mails, and under which a psychopathic

degenerate named Campbell, who happens at present to be postmaster of Chicago, has betrayed his own vile mind and character by affecting to discern obscenity in postcards bearing the simple pictures of animals, is vigorously portrayed, and explained in full detail. The subtle peril lurking in the expression "abuse of free speech," which is constantly employed to justify every attempt to crush the rights of unconventional thinkers, receives ample treatment.

To write an adequate review of the contents and scope of Mr. Schroeder's great work, with the inevitable reflections induced by its perusal, would require a treatise almost equal in length to the work itself. For some forty years, a small handful of men and women have been raising the same protest so admirably voiced in this henceforth standard exponent of the cause of free speech. They have been the object of vilification and often of persecution; and their motives have been persistently maligned. Conservatives would have none of them; and even radicals were wont to pass them by as contending for a mere minor matter. When a concrete struggle against the despotic suppression of some free voice took place, few outside of the sectarian or partisan supporters of the specific individual or cause under persecution have shown sufficient interest to raise a finger in behalf of the large principle at stake. Freethinkers, Anarchists, Socialists, trades unionists, all have been alike guilty of standing only by their own, but of looking on almost unmoved at the abuse or persecution of those working for another cause or belonging to another school of thought or action. Painfully few have been those who realized that where free speech is concerned, every aggression is bound to work calamitous results even on those who represent beliefs and practices most widely at variance with those of the victim of injustice. Even to-day, the one neutral organization devoted exclusively to defending the rights of all victims of invasion, namely the Free Speech League, is ridiculously ill-supported by those who should be its foremost backers. The Schroeder work should be a trumpet-peal to all whose love for liberty and justice is not absolutely dead, to arouse to the preservation of what is best in our professedly democratic state. Those of the more revolutionary

schools need not fear that by so doing, they will sacrifice any deeper principle. The kernels of good in social life must survive every change in political, economic and social institutions, no matter how far-reaching such change may be. By maintaining the treasure of free speech as perfectly as may be in the society of to-day, a heritage of infinite value is secured to transmit to the nobler society of to-morrow. If this be wrested from us, the remainder of the contest will be rendered immeasurably more difficult.

Did time and space permit, it would be a pleasure to pursue the author's argument step by step; to quote the numberless illustrations with which the main contention is enforced; to follow the thread of the discussion from which it is impossible to emerge without a clear realization of the fact that obscenity is resident in the perverted mind, not in the objective expression; to show how the right to say things disagreeable to the prevailing sentiment is the only feature of free speech really worth while; to explain how progress is stifled at the outset, if the voices of dissentients are strangled; to expose the utter puerility of the solemn utterances from the bench, which are based solely on a blind submission to outworn tradition and popular prejudice; to repeat the splendid arguments by which the honest jurist, be he a conservative of the conservatives, is forced to admit that the indefiniteness of the so-called "anti-obscenity" statutes renders a true criterion of guilt impossible, and that therefore these statutes are glaringly unconstitutional and a legal nullity. All this and much more, confirmed by facts, and buttressed by countless apposite citations, may be found in the work, which will henceforth be an important factor in the effort to secure justice in the courts of the land. Even those who have lost confidence in the desire or the power of the courts to do justice may well welcome the weapons placed in their hands wherewith it may be possible to wrest some measure of liberty from even reluctant tribunals. Theodore Schroeder has won for himself a place in the history of the struggle for liberty, which will not be inferior in honor to that of more than one whose name is now honored wherever the hearts of men and women beat true to the sacred cause.

C. L. JAMES'S "VINDICATION OF ANARCHISM"

ONE of the greatest necessities of the present time in the Anarchist movement is a text book on Anarchism, a book which can be given to a student as a standard authority, which treats the subject fully and completely. Such a work is C. L. James's "Vindication of Anarchism." This is a really great work, and does for Anarchism what Marx did for Socialism in his "Capital." It gives Anarchism a basis and philosophy. It traces the origins of religious, political and economic authority, and evolves the Anarchist conclusion by the inductive method after a strictly scientific investigation of the facts. James was a profound scholar and possessed great literary ability.

This is a book which every comrade should possess for his own instruction, and for the purpose of propaganda work. Anarchists have a great need of such a book as this.

An effort is being made to get this work out in book form and the undersigned ask for your assistance in this task. Send us one advance order for the book, at $1 each; send us the names of others who may be interested; and also, if possible, advance us a small loan of from $1 up, which will be returned as soon as the book is out and the sales reach 600 copies.

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IMPRESSIONS FROM PARIS

By HIPPOLYTE HAVEL.

THERE may be honor even among thieves, but there is certainly neither honor nor honesty among politicians. So long as it suits his purpose the politician may use direct and honorable means to achieve his ends, but the very moment he encounters an obstacle honest methods are forgotten, and brutality and sycophancy become his weapons. The new campaign against the *Confederation General du Travail* shows that the henchmen of the possessing class will stoop to anything to crush the militant organization of the producing class. At the same time one may observe the deep-rooted antagonism between the French workingmen and the parasitical politicians. The latest savior of the French bourgeoisie is the present Premier Caillaux. The spirit of the vindictive Versaillesians is strongly alive in this son of a traitor. It was his father who thirty years ago tried a *coup d'état* in favor of the reigning oligarchy. He did not succeed. The Royalists and their tool, MacMahon, lost their position, probably through cowardice, and had to abandon their project. But in one direction they succeeded all too well: they accumulated an immense fortune, which is now used by their sons to crush the working class. Caillaux *fils* is moreover the president of several large banks, and as such has outside of his private fortune a yearly income of 750,000 francs. No wonder then that he fears for his fatherland!

In a great speech, delivered before the opening of the Chambers at Saint-Calais, he proclaimed his intention of annihilating the Anarchistic tendencies among the French people. He not only proposes to use all the oppressive laws passed in former years by the political bandits of the Third Republic, but he threatens to introduce far more draconic laws should the former prove insufficient. Aye, he proves to be even a better servant than the Socialist traitors Viviani, Briand, and Millerand. Clemenceau and Briand employed spies in the ranks of the militant workers; Caillaux, being a disciple of Machiavelli, has formed a plan which undoubtedly would have found a sympathetic echo in the heart of the great Florentine. The case of the labor leader Louis Métivier,

recently exposed as a spy, gives him sufficient ground for his attack. In an interview with the Socialist deputy Lauche he insinuated that Métivier is by no means the only traitor in the ranks of the *Confederation* and announced that he intends to expose the other spies one by one. His object is clear: he is trying to spread distrust and general demoralization among the organized workers.

The first man to be denounced by Caillaux as a spy in the employ of the police is Edouard Ricardeau, a labor leader who has taken part in many strikes and in the bloody collisions with the police at Vigneux and Villeneuve-Saint-Georges. The accused Ricardeau emphatically denies the charge and asks for proofs, which Caillaux refuses to produce. If we remember what a havoc the exposure of Azeff caused among the Revolutionists of Russia, we cannot wonder at the present intense excitement among the French Syndicalists. Explanations and recriminations follow each other in the columns of *La Guerre Sociale,* the organ of Gustave Hervé, and *La Bataille Syndicaliste,* the daily of the *Confederation du Travail.* L. Jouhaux, the president, and V. Griffulhes, the former secretary of the *Confederation,* warn the comrades against the dastardly tactics of Caillaux, and advise them to keep their heads cool in the present crisis.

As usual, the Socialist politicians try to make capital for themselves out of this affair. Both wings of the Socialist party, the Hervéists and the Jauresists as well, implore the Syndicalists to give up their anti-parliamentary policy and to combine with the Socialists against the "common enemy." But the comrades of the *Confederation* have no intention of following the songs of the Socialist sirens. During the last forty years politicians have used the workingmen as a stepping stone to a higher position, and their end attained, have invariably betrayed the cause of the proletariat. Of this principle Clemenceau himself is a classic example. Socialist politicians proved to be even worse than the briliant man of letters. Millerand, Viviani, Turot, Gérault-Richard and Briand, traitors to the working-class as well as to the Socialist movement, were all intimate personal friends of Jaures, the present leader of the party.

One of the reproaches against the Anarchists and Syndicalists is that they do not pay enough attention to the struggle against clericalism. It is a favorite trick of the radical politicians to divert the attention of the workingman from his own misery and direct it toward an imaginary enemy—a dead lion. So long as there was necessity for a fight against the clerical-nationalistic enemy, the militant proletarian formed the vanguard in the struggle, but to-day he is tired of the cry "A bas la calotte!" The church in France is dead and has absolutely no influence upon the life of the people. With the exception of the aristocracy and the small bourgeoisie, the churches are visited only by tourists. Like museums and ruins they are the haunts of sightseers. Writers and artists like Huysmans, Coppée, Bourget and Forain, disgusted with life and conditions, may return to the bosom of the mother church; Leon Daudet may produce his daily lampoons in the *Action Française,* but their efforts are appreciated only in the small artistocratic and royalist circles. The propaganda of a Marc Sangnier, subsidized by the reactionists, and the noisy demonstrations of the *Camelots du Roi* play a certain rôle in the phantasy of foreign correspondents, but are not noticeable in the public life of France. On the other hand, many of the anti-clerical politicians have proved to be gentlemen of shady character. Victor Flachon, director of *La Lanterne,* friend of Ex-Premier Combes and a most fiery opponent of the *Calotte,* is at present involved in a great scandal. In company with other pillars of society he satisfied his sexual passions by ruining children of tender age and of both sexes in resorts on Montmartre and at his villa on the Côte d'Azur. Briand is mentioned as being one of the visitors at the villa while the orgies were going on. The late King Edward has many disciples among the upstarts of France. The present scandal will probably have grave political consequences.

Another reproach against the Syndicalists expressed recently by the literary quack Nordau is that they are men and women without idealism and lacking in respect for art, culture, and civilization. Only a bombastic ignoramus like the author of "Degeneration" could make such a statement. True, the Syndicalists have no respect

for the culture of a class which condemns them to perpetual slavery, but they dream of a culture too high to be appreciated by the Nordaus of our time. To be sure, a Nordau is neglected in the columns of the Syndicalist publications, but a classic like Balzac, or an exquisite portrayer of human nature such as Charles-Louis Phillippe, Octave Mirbeau or Anatole France, find full appreciation. Not the Syndicalist *Bataille*, but the journals to which Monsieur Nordau is a contributor have recently dragged Madame Curie's private life through the gutter.

True again, the Syndicalists preach and practice sabotage against their exploiters, but on the other hand they advertise in their publications the best obtainable text books on every trade and urge their comrades to perfect themselves in their line of work in order to achieve the most excellent type of artisanship.

The report upon the status of the population of France for the first half of the year 1911, published this month in *Le Journal Officiel*, gives the patriots an opportunity to raise a cry for the suppression of the Neo-Malthusian propaganda. The good bourgeoisie practise themselves the two-child system to perfection, but are horrified to see the working people follow their example. The French women refuse to furnish slaves and cannon-fodder for the capitalistic system. A healthy instinct tells the proletarian woman that it is a crime against herself and against her class to bring sickly children into the world. Not prevention but conception leaves her only too often in an unhealthy and dangerous condition. What the Neo-Malthusian propaganda tries to do is, first, to educate the woman along scientific lines and, second, to give her proper means for prevention. Needless to say, the man needs education on the subject just as much as the woman. The monthly *Génération Consciente*, published by our friends Humbert and Grandidier, does useful propaganda along these lines. All means of prevention may be had at the offices of the paper, to which A. Naquet, Sébastian Faure, Jean Marestan, Paul Robin, Mme. Nelly Roussel, V. Grandjouan and many other well-known Libertarians are contributors. Means for the prevention of conception may also be had in any French drug-store and are to be seen in many show

windows. O shades of holy Anthony! However, the cry of the nationalists about the depopulation of France is a bugaboo. No signs of depopulation can be noticed so far; on the contrary, a slow but steady growth is statistically proven. At the worst, it could be said that the population remains stationary.

To the same category of bugaboos belongs the theory of Germanophiles in regard to the decadence of the Latin races, especially of the French. No more ridiculous supposition could have been formed. The students of all countries still flock to the Sorbonne. In art France indisputably leads the nations. Bergson's philosophy occupies the minds of contemporay thinkers. The center of the new musical movement is in Paris. Maeterlinck and France are our two most prominent living writers. French aeronauts have conquered the air. The French peasant is the most successful tiller of the soil. And finally, the French workingman leads the proletariat of the world in his revolutionary fire, his enthusiasm, and his ideal of a free society.

* * *

ECONOMY AS VIEWED BY AN ANARCHIST

By C. L. JAMES.

(*Continuation.*)

With change from shepherd nomadism to agriculture there comes, accordingly, a marked change in the distribution of Wealth. Common, when there was almost none of it; nominally common but really almost all that of one man when, in shape of cattle, there began to be a good deal, it now belongs, with its rapidly growing increase, to a class—the class of ambitious, rapacious, favored or cunning individuals and their descendants—while the rest of the people remain almost as poor as formerly, and a portion become, thus far, worse that they lose the right to themselves and become slaves. To a certain extent slavery has been practised at least ever since men ceased to be cannibals.[23] But neither in

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[23]An example of the change has occurred in Africa during our time. A benevolent slave trader, observing how many fine young men were killed and eaten after a battle, thought it, as he said, "a pity"; and put the idea into some ambitious king's head of organizing a slave army, which others soon imitated.

the hunting nor the shepherd state is slavery very profitable nor, therefore, extensively practised. Its great uses are for great public works, like those of the Egyptian, Assyrian, and Babylonian, and the Roman Emperors—for private undertakings on a similarly great scale, as management of the best Romane states and the extensive plantations of our South. Both require settled governments able to enforce extradition over a long radius. There are three considerable slave systems whose history is well known, the old Egyptian, the Roman, and the American. Our assertion that slavery kills a civilization founded on it is abundantly illustrated by their record. Meagre and full of gaps as the Egyptian annals are, we find proof enough that the people had spirit, patriotism, piety, and genius, until their independence of the Hyksos conquerors was restored by the eighteenth dynasty. Nor do the monuments, until then, give us any evidence of hardship. Even those prehistoric tyrants alleged to have exhausted their resources in building pyramids, are not accused of robbing the poor, but only the gods, who should have been able to stand it or punish it. But with the dreadful slave-trade introduced by Thothmes III., of this dynasty, a change for the worse becomes continuous. Under the great Ramessides we see the horrors of an extensive slave system, portrayed by the still graphic pencil of its beneficiaries. Next come plots and libels against one who seems to have been the best of all the kings (Rameses III.), and conspiracies of priests to rob the tombs. Under the later Ramessides native art dies out, never to be restored. The last free national dynasty was deserted by its native military caste. Ever since it has been well understood (1) that Egyptians will not fight if they can run, and (2) that they will, in the true spirit of helpless but stubborn and crafty slaves, bear anything rather than submit to more exactions. For this reason they will die rather than surrender, and the fellah who could not show stripes received for tax-dodging would be a "scab," unable to hold up his head in company. Stubbornness and cowardice between them alone preserve the race of Pharaoh from being actually eaten up by the Arabs, Turks, and other foreigners, none of whom will work, and whose proportion to that of the laborers is greater than the loafers' anywhere else. Not

less evident are those steps by which slavery destroyed the Roman Empire. Under the republic it had ruined Italy. The days when eight hundred thousand native farmers sprang to arms at the name of a Punic invasion were over. The army which Pompey expected to rise out of the ground when Cæsar crossed the Rubicon did not come. Under the second Emperor there was difficulty about raising those taxes which the existence of slavery made it absolutely necessary should be kept up to preserve this institution by the sword. Under the fifth, even the debauched population of the overfed metropolis heard with consternation that two thousand persons owned almost the entire valuation of his dominions. In this memorable reign began the practise of building immense structures, like baths and theatres, for the pleasure of a pauper city population already numerous enough to be dangerous. It also witnessed the beginnings of those great insurrections in Gaul, Britain, and elsewhere, whose soldiers became the Bagaudæ (brigands) of the declining empire, and which the best authorities attribute to distress. After the "Five Good Emperors" there was no pretense of accumulating a treasure. After the first Christian sovereign the process of enslaving the tenants and small farmers who could not pay their taxes went on apace. After Theodosius the country was left a prey to the Barbarians, whose first acts always were to abolish the imperial taxes and emancipate the slaves. That both were eminently popular is proved in ways innumerable; but perhaps the most signal proof is that, excepting perhaps the Huns, the barbarians always crossed the frontier with small armies, which they never found the least difficulty in making great. They had but to choose from among the volunteers, slaves or peasants, who came to their standards. The decayed government had long relied chiefly on Germany and other countries outside the Roman system for soldiers, partly because their warriors came cheap, partly because they had no wrongs to redress. They were now paid in land, for want of anything else to pay them in. But having got land, they would not move off it. Their own chiefs became provincial kings and nobles, whose independence soon was a fact too palpable for denial. Thus the Empire was broken up. Slavery, though it continued legal throughout the Middle

Ages, ceased to exist on a large scale within very few years. The taxes were abolished. The new local governments became extremely poor. The Roman peace was succeeded by universal petty war. The Mediterranean swarmed again with pirates. The pauper population, whom the Emperors had pampered, perished like flies in autumn. The suffering, of course, was fearful, but the incubus was off, and the economic Nadir past. The five centuries after Clovis were a period of slow improvement. The five preceding had been a period of rapid decline. In the United States slavery, which had seemed in a fair way to die out of its own accord, no sooner derived new life from the cotton gin that it proclaimed itself unable to live without extension. Extended, accordingly, it was, until the tension became entirely too great. At last the union was rent asunder. A debt was incurred which would have bought the slaves. The slave-owning portion of the country was reduced almost to a wilderness. Every portion received some exceedingly bad lessons from the moral point of view. The one mitigating circumstance is that slavery, with a part of the ills it caused, is gone.

(To be Continued.)

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